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middle—no, yes—that is no—any how, with one of the the fingers of my right I give the button a rotatory motion, letting it at the same time slide along the wire. Now it is evident its circumference will trace out in space an irregular cylindrical shape, and by varying the contortion of the wire, we may form as many cylinders of different irregularities as there are branches and twigs in all the trees that have ever existed; and it is in this manner I conceive that the law of formation is regulated; the creating or spiritual principle of nature assumes the form of an ideal circle with a hole through the middle, while the existing or material principle assumes that of a contorted mathematical line; and thus the former, revolving in its own plane, which perpendicular to the latter moves uniformly along it, fashions begets and creates twigs and branches.

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#### THE REPROACH.

'There's gin upon thy lips, and tobacco in thy breath,  
Thy glazed eye is fixed—thy cheek as pale as death;  
A curse upon thy cups—may all thy substance waste,  
I should'nt say so much, but you never let me taste.

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#### THE CITIZEN—A LA STERNE.

I took a fat citizen, and having first shut him up in his little sitting-room, I proceeded to take his picture.—I beheld his body gorged with long gratifica-

tion and confinement to the house, and I felt what kind of sickness of the stomach it is that arises from having eaten too much.—On looking nearer, I beheld him bloated and feverish.—In sixty years the country breeze had not once fanned his blood: and he had seen the sun and moon but indistinctly in all that time.—He was seated, or rather buried in a large arm-chair, which stood in front of the fire place, and which might have served either for a chair or a bed.—A bundle of promissory notes lay on the table scrawled all over, the fruits of the dark and dismal days and nights he had spent there.—He had one of these small slips of paper in his hand, and with a pen he was etching his own signature and the day of the month, to add it to the heap.—As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up an eye, swimming in fat, towards the door, bent his head forward earnestly to listen, and then went on with his work of delight.—I heard the rubbing of his hands, when he had with difficulty, turned his body round to place the note on the bundle—he gave a sigh of joy.—I saw the ecstasy that entered into his soul—I burst into a laugh—I could not contain myself at the picture which my fancy had drawn.

# THE GOWNSMAN.

Sir, here is newly come to court Lameris; believe me an absolute Gentleman,—full of most excellent differences.

LAMERIS.

No. 4. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26. Price 3d.

## THE NEW BOOK.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money—for the purpose of circulation.

LACON.

What a pity it is that men will not allow the feelings which suggest their more trivial and insignificant actions to have an equal influence also in the greater concerns of life; who can witness the trouble taken by the reading party of a small village for the first perusal of a new book, or, which is more often the case, of an old book, which has made its first appearance at the solitary circulating library, without lamenting that a little of the energy, activity, and emulation, visible in the beings who throng round the tormented librarian, is not put to some service in the real business of the world.

About two or three summers ago, I was so much amused by an incident connected with this prevalent appetite for the first cut into a new book, that I have

been tempted to put it into some sort of legible shape. I have an aunt, an old romance-reading maiden lady, who for the last thirty years of her life has inhabited a small house in the neighbourhood of a village, lying at some distance from the metropolis, therefore, as might be expected, containing only one circulating library. As, with all other novel-loving persons, the first perusal of a new one, in my aunt's imagination, doubles the beauties of a first-rate, and renders even the duller of its kind piquante and delightful; by burning one candle instead of two, except when company are present, she is enabled without any stings of conscience to pay a double subscription, and upon those terms receives every new publication uncut from the librarian, thus gratifying at a little sacrifice the first wish of her soul.

At the time above mentioned I was paying a visit at her house, and was highly delighted at perceiving in the old lady an energy and activity which I thought her age had not allowed me to expect; but the riddle was soon solved, for I had not been ten minutes in the house when she told me she was in hourly anticipation of the arrival of a new work, entitled, "The Tales of the O'Hara Family." I did not think it charitable to undeceive her with regard to the age of that exquisite book, by letting her know that it had already been ten or twelve months before the public, and therefore let her remain in blissful ignorance. The clock had scarcely struck seven, and tea-things barely removed from table (my aunt drinks tea early), when John entered the room with three respectable-sized novel-looking books, that is, done up in blue boards, with a

little white paper tite at the back of each; my aunt, with the avidity attributable only to demi-starvation, snatched at the volumes, and with difficulty by the fading light puzzled out the title page.

"John, did you see any other new books on Mr. Brown's counter?"

"Yes, Ma'am, there was three others uncommon like thesen, and Miss Gibson's servant comes in and axes for summut fresh, and then, marm, Master Brown gives those there."

"Good heavens! you don't say so: that must be another copy, and that envious Miss Gibson got it, John, get candles and make haste, for we will begin it to-might, and see whether, in spite of the two copies, we cannot get the start of Miss Gibson." The shutters, having been closed, and the candles brought in, the first volume was placed in my hands, and I commenced reading. Just before I had got half through the first tale, "Crohoore na Bilhogo," my aunt became exceedingly nervous, I was continually interrupted by exclamations such as these: "Hist! hark!" "Twice did I go and see if the hall-door was closed, and at last was despatched to the kitchen for the cleaver, for John had not been more than three years in the family, and who knew what might happen. But notwithstanding all her terrors, I was ordered to read on by the light of the flaring long-wicked candles, which though ghastly enough to frighten my aunt with innumerable misty shapes in the gloom of the corners, she had not courage to snuff, evidently fearful of the temporary darkness it

would occasion. At the end of the first tale, however, she permitted me to go to bed, and taking the book with her, retired for the night.

The next morning, too impatient to wait to read the whole novel before she triumphed over Miss Gibson, which she expected to do, in consequence of the last night's hard reading, my aunt, immediately after an early breakfast, put on her walking things, laid hold of my arm, and set out on a visit to the aforesaid lady. Sure enough when we entered, we found Miss G. in the middle of one of the volumes of a set of books which lay upon the table, exactly the counter-part of those we had left at home. I observed my aunt's eye glance anxiously and vigilantly at the two volumes which lay upon the table, and likewise her smile of triumphant satisfaction at the pleasing conviction from seeing them uncut, that Miss G. had not yet emerged from the first volume, while she herself had travelled half through the second,

"Well, my dear," said my aunt, after the usual inquiries at morning visits, "I see you have got this dear delightful new book. How very good of Mr. Brown to get two copies, isn't it? it is so unpleasant to keep one's friends waiting (indeed, thought I); for you know, my dear, my arrangements with Mr. Brown enable me always to peruse the new books instantly upon their arrival. But you have not, I perceive, finished the first story—shocking, very shocking; it is the beginning, isn't it? But, thank heaven! it all ends happily. That Crohoore—now I'll bet you a wager you think him the murderer of that old man."

"I do not wish, my dear Miss S." said Miss G. "Stop, my dear, right enough, you don't wish to hear the end of the story before hand, it takes away the exquisite mystery—so it does—I never like it myself. But really, what do you think? I myself thought for a long time that that Croboore was the murderer, because, you know, Pierce Shea seems so different a man. Well, but I'll say nothing about it, you will enjoy the more yourself—all about the White-boys, and the poor lawyer with ears cut off, &c. &c." And so my aunt ran on, till at last she had gone through the work, in spite of Miss G.'s continued attempts at interruption, which she as continually parried by saying, "O, ah! true, true, I'll say no more;" and then again she launched forth into the very pith of the narrative. At last she stopped for want of breath and matter, and Miss Gibson found room just to say, with a mild patronizing air and a triumphant smile on her lips, "I was going to say, my dear Miss S. if you had not interrupted me, that I was well acquainted with the story, which I read I believe some two years ago in London, when you recollect I was on a visit at my brother's."

"Have you really, how funny," and my aunt laughed: but, oh! how hollow was that laugh—in it spoke a sleepless night and the bitterness of disappointment. "Well, but then," continued she with a groan, for she had misgivings, that Miss G. had the start of her in some other work also, "what books are these, I hoped—I mean—I thought they were the Tales of the O'Hara Family, they are very like those we have at home." "They are, my dear, the Tales of the O'Hara Family, but the second series."